

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

VOL. I.

IT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

No. III.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

Like the star rays that beam

On the blush of the rose;

Like the fanciful dream

In the noontide's repose;

Like the morn's mellow ray,

Or the red cherry's hue;

Like the dawn of the day

To the mariner's view—

Is the rich ruddy smile on the lips of the fair,
The balm of the blest, and the solace of care.

Like the gold tinted sky

At the evening's close;

Like the ruby-red dye

Of the opening rose;

Like the tulips beside

The white lilies that bleach;

Like the rosy rich pride

Of the opening peach—

Is beauty's bright blush on the face of young love,
The type of the virtue of angels above.

Like the star 'neath the waves,

In a perilous night;

Like the violet that laves

In the dawn's dewy light:

Like the blue-bell that hung

With the drops of the shower;

Like the chilly frost flung

On the sensitive flower—

Is the bright eye of woman dissolved in tears—

Oh! then she most lovely and charming appears!

From the Atlantic Magazine.

THE STRANGE PASSENGER.

ON board one of the ships sent out by Walter Raleigh, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, to make discoveries along the North American coast, was a passenger of a singular and melancholy aspect, who from the first moment of departure, was regarded by all the company with eyes of doubt and suspicion.

VOL. I —E

There was a settled gloom upon his countenance, mingled with an expression that seemed sinister and malign, at the same time that it was timorous; and there was a restlessness and uneasiness in his deportment which it was disagreeable for those who noted him to observe. He would sometimes start, when there was neither sound, nor sight, nor other cause of agitation. Sometimes he was seen, as darkness was descending over the waters, to conceal himself near the ship's stern, or among ropes and coils of cable; on which occasions he would start and turn pale, as if detected in guilty musings, or would assume a savage aspect, as if he wished to destroy the intruder on his stolen privacy. The horrors of a guilty conscience seemed evidently to possess him. It seemed as if its workings had given him an unnatural appearance of premature age. The lines of his face and the furrows of his brow were deeply impressed; and a morbid imagination might almost trace, in the dusky red character of the latter, the thunder-sears of the fallen angels. His hair, in some places, had turned completely grey. And yet, on the whole, he seemed not to have numbered more than forty years.

He had entered the vessel under the general invitation, unknown to any of the ship's company. A rumor was soon current that his assumed name was fictitious, and that he had done some deed that rendered him odious among mankind. His crime was variously surmi-

sed, and among other things it was whispered that he had been an executioner.—There were in that ship many desperadoes, and many who were flying from justice at home for crimes which in any country would have made them infamous. But no man inquired into or cared for his neighbor's character, though notoriously bad. This man alone, convicted by his peculiar and disagreeable physiognomy and manner, was the mark of aversion to all his fellow voyagers.—The awkward attempts which he made, during the first few days of their voyage, to form acquaintances, met with such unpromising reception that he desisted, and became uniformly silent. The women passengers avoided his glance, or looked at him askance, with a mingled expression of curiosity and horror, and at night they stifled the cries of their children by telling them that the strange man was coming. At meal time, a solitary corner became his own by prescription, where his food was given and received in silence; and at night, he retired to a couch, from the vicinity of which the occupants of the adjacent dormitories had removed; as they said his motions, groans, and cries, prevented them from sleeping. The sailors regarded him with a superstitious dislike, as the Jonah of their vessel, and avoided or coarsely repulsed him, when he drew near them at their work. He frequently overheard their comments on his situation, and their surmises as to the cause of his revolting appearance, and the disgust it excited, which were all, however various, alike disgraceful to him.

Thus, on the bosom of the ocean, and within the narrow prison of a ship, without friend or counsellor, or the power of vindicating himself, (for who can fight single-handed with prejudice?) among hundreds of his fellow beings, men of like passions with himself, this wretched exile found himself the focal object of aversion, hatred and disgust. He seemed to be in the situation of a guilty ghost! more tormented in its unnatural exposure to the living world, than in its congenial hell!—or like some of the prodigies with which the superstitions of different ages have teemed;—like one

who had been bitten by a rabid wolf, or who, having had his own veins sucked by a visitant from the charnel house, had become himself possessed of the horrible appetite for blood. He was like the first born Cain, bearing an obvious but inexplicable mark, which was at once the stamp of his guilt and his protection from the death which he coveted;—or like the Jew who insulted our divine Redeemer, as he passed on to his closing passion, branded with the indelible stigma which men trembled at and fled from. But the first murderer and the wandering Israelite had the world before them, with its solitudes and lurking places, where no human countenance could obtrude, with its expression of scorn, fear, or detestation. This man was tied to his stake, with a tether whose shortness only allowed him to make idle and maddening efforts to hide himself from the many hundred eyes that glanced distrustfully with loathing upon him. The Hindoo who has lost his caste, can mingle with others, who, however despised by millions around them, at least form a community and fellowship of misery. But this man was alone; and the hatred for all his persecutors, which he gave them back in return for their aversion, was silently consuming his heart.

There was, however, a young man named Rogers among the company, whose sympathy for the desolate state of the individual, overcame the repugnance which, in common with the others, he could not help feeling. He had once or twice made an effort, when none observed him, to break through the sphere of repulsion with which the lonely man had become invested. But the latter, supposing his object was derision or insult, avoided his looks and retreated from his advance. Rogers however had marked him, when he apparently thought himself secure from notice. He had observed that he wore a shirt of coarse hair under his upper garments, and had seen him in the attitude of prayer, telling his beads. He naturally concluded, that the source of so much anguish was some dreadful unforgiven crime, for which he was undergoing penance.

The weather, which had long been

threatened an approaching storm. A tremor for the night. The colorated most p nately poles, first a heard man sh overbo. Rou of his roar, his tro deck. fibre, and fixed expect. It seem to rev secret to rec able e sings him v the f those backv ence seam and l He w made destr on th itated from on th summ wave infin above of w whic etern pierc of h tors, shak

threatening in appearance, now indicated an approaching storm; and the symptoms increased in terror and certainty. A tremendous gale rendered it impossible for the ship to carry any canvass; and night came on with tenfold darkness. The commander of the vessel, now separated from the others, was in the utmost perplexity; and the ship was alternately rolling and driving under bare poles, at the mercy of the tempest. At first a murmur, and then a shout was heard among the crew, that the strange man should be brought forth and thrown overboard.

Roused by the clamor, and the sound of his name, reiterated amidst the uproar, the unfortunate being sprung from his troubled slumbers and rushed upon deck. He trembled in every joint and fibre, his hair rose in distinct bristles, and his eyes, after wandering wildly, fixed in an intense gaze that spoke of expected evil, dreadful and inevitable. It seemed as if he had been summoned to reveal to the assembled universe, the secret that overburthened his heart, and to receive the forfeit of some unpardonable sin, among the hootings and curtings of mankind. No one approached him who regarded his countenance by the fitful light of the lanterns:—but those immediately before him shrunk backward, under the overpowering influence of preternatural terror. Two stout seamen, however, sprang from behind, and hurried him toward the gangway. He was urged along so speedily that he made no resistance till on the verge of destruction. The ship rolled downward on the side whence he was to be precipitated, and a ruddy flash which streamed from a lantern held near the spot, fell upon the waste beyond. They were on the summit of an immeasurable mountain wave; and the wretch looked down into infinite darkness, while stretching high above, before him, another advancing Alp of waters was impending over the gulf which was to be to him the abyss of eternity. He uttered one long, shrill, piercing shriek, and clung, in the agony of his struggle, so firmly to his conductors, that they in vain endeavored to shake him off; but when they pushed

him from his foot-hold, he adhered, with the tenacity of despair, to the gripe he had taken of each of them, and was thus suspended over the yawning shades below. One was advancing with a cutlass, to sever him from his tormentors and from life, when the vessel shifting its position, threw all three backward. His grasp relaxed; he fell as if inanimate, and rolled against the mast. The two men, having sprung again on their feet, were kicking him towards the opposite quarter, when Rogers, who had been standing near, interrupted them, and arrested the body of their intended victim in its progress.

The whole scene had passed in a few moments; but in that brief interval, the poor Jonah of the ship had passed through all the bitterness of death. Rogers now remonstrated with the seamen, but to no purpose. In vain he represented that the man had an equal right with themselves, to the precarious protection which the ship yet yielded them; that they might one day be called to account for it;—and that, though they might escape from human tribunals, they must eventually, and might perhaps in a few moments, follow this now living being, who had never offended them, to the last common audit to answer for their usurpation of the attribute of God.

His intercession would have been altogether ineffectual, had not the commander himself at that moment appeared and restored order, by directing the execution of some new manœuvre. While the attention of the men was thus riveted, Rogers dragged the insensible being down to his couch, and deposited him there in darkness and temporary safety. He opened his eyes, which he fixed for a moment on his deliverer; then turning on his face, he enveloped himself in his covering, and lay coiled in the farthest corner of the recess which had been allotted to him to sleep in.

The storm abated, and courage and confidence returned to the crew. On the day following the night of his jeopardy, the strange being crawled from his lurking place unobserved until he suddenly made his appearance in his usual place, at the hour of dining. His dæ-

ger on the preceding night was not generally known, but the company looked at him with a creeping sensation of superstitious awe, when they saw that his hair had turned completely white. His lower jaw seemed to have dropped. His head was bowed low over the trencher, from which, with trembling hands he took his allotted fare.—Silence for some time prevailed in the cabin; and when the spell was passing away, the speakers addressed each other in an undertone, that sounded unnaturally to themselves, rebuked as it was by the fear that had fallen upon them.—From a fugitive glance which he threw towards him, Rogers thought that the object of so much terror recognized him as his preserver. He soon took an opportunity, unobserved, of beckoning to him, and the man followed him to a retired corner. Not without some emotion, Rogers requested him to meet him at midnight, on the quarter-deck. 'I will, sir,' replied the man; 'I believe I owe you my life.—Would to God I had never incurred the debt. May I know the name of one who, at any rate, wished to befriend me?' 'Rogers.' At this word the man recoiled. His limbs seemed seized with a sudden paralysis, and he was only sustained from sinking by a projecting timber. 'I know you not,' said Rogers; 'you never did me any injury; I may do you some good. Remember your appointment.' So saying, he left him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the New-Yorker.
THE SEASONS.

'Tis Spring, lovely Spring!—the green fields are now smiling
With beauty and gladness in Nature's young bloom;
Fair Flora advances, dull moments beguiling,
And strews her bright roses o'er Winter's cold tomb:
The blue-bird and robin their notes are repeating,
While music re-echoes from yonder green grove,
And flow'rets upspringing, our footsteps are meeting,
As o'er the gay pastures and meadows we rove.
'Tis Summer, warm Summer!—the aspen leaf quivers,
Though scarcely disturbed by the faint southern breeze!

The brooks have grown shallow, and low are the rivers,
And Beauty's prime glory now rests on the trees:
The hay-men, all sun-burnt, their swathes are now turning,

While sweet exhalations around them arise;
The hot, scorching sun from the zenith is burning,
And low in the west the dark thunder-cloud lies.

'Tis Autumn, pale Autumn!—the leaves are decaying—

Pomona exhibits her bright golden store;
Deep crimson and yellow the woods are displaying,
While droops the green vine by the cottager's door:

The sunlight is mellow that rests on the mountain,
The hills and the valleys assume a mild blue,
The little brook gurgles more brisk from its fountain,

And lonely appear the dark hemlock and yew.

'Tis Winter, stern Winter!—the landscape is dreary,

And howls the cold wind from a dark frigid zone;
Old Boreas, befrosted, comes wayworn and weary,
And sits by the tomb of frail Nature alone:

Youth's pathway, like Spring, is bedecked with sweet roses,
Which manhood, like Summer, doth wither away;

And age, like calm Autumn, on pure faith reposes,
When Death's wintry blast shakes its frail house of clay.

G. K.

For the Rose of the Valley.

FAME.

BY M. A. TOWNSEND.

Go visit the mouldering mausoleums of Fame—go survey the silent ashes of Alexander, of Alva, or of Cæsar—go, and you will there learn a lesson that will teach you the insignificance of human grandeur, and the vanity of renown. With what silent melancholy may we contemplate their scenes of slaughter and death! What streams of blood have been shed to gratify their insatiate ambition! How many thousands and millions have fallen beneath the mighty sword of the warrior, and left slumbering in dreamless sleep upon the field of battle; merely to gain, as it were, the evanescent wreath of fame, and to lie entombed in a splendid sepulchre, though unconscious of its beauty and its grandeur.

The beggar finds a grave as well as the great man. They are both destined to be the food of loathsome worms;

and the clownish plough-boy, as he passes by their grave, will whistle his lullaby to the reposing ashes of their greatness. The thundering tramp of fame cannot now arouse them—the blast of the clarion as it resounds from the home of battle, and the peals of cannon “like the thunder—roll upon the banners of the air,” cannot stir them from their narrow place of repose. Where now are the splendid thrones of royalty, and the glittering robes of distinction? Where are the brilliant diadems that decked the brows of monarchs? Where are the gorgeous attire and plumage of Cleopatra, and the royal trappings of Napoleon? Alas! they are tossed from their seats and left to moulder in the gulf of oblivion! In the language of Dr. Blair, “O! vain and inconstant world! O! fleeting and transient life! when will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought?” Though Napoleon, the mighty warrior, trod triumphantly the field of battle and waved the glorious flag of victory on high; though he sat in grandeur upon his edifice, while the world trembled at his command: he now rests in loneliness and solitude upon the island of St. Helena. No loved one is near to shed a tear upon his sepulchre—no hand to plant by his grave the rose or the woodbine; while he slumbers the eternal sleep of oblivion.—

“O! high ambition, lowly laid!”

January 1, 1839.

A SINGULAR PROVIDENCE.

THE following is an exact relation of an event truly singular. A coachman of the department of L'Ain, who drove regularly from the village of Bourg to Geneva, had arrived near the latter city, when a poor woman, who appeared much fatigued, and almost exhausted, earnestly entreated him to allow her to occupy a corner of the stage, that she might be able to reach Geneva before night. The stage was empty, and the cold so severe, that the coachman feared she might be frozen to death before morning, if night should overtake her upon the road; he therefore suffered her to take a seat inside, and gave her a bun-

dle of straw to aid in keeping her feet warm. She stepped in, murmuring her thanks, and stretched her weary body in the bottom of the stage, among the straw and hay, carefully wrapping herself in her cloak. Very soon, her loud and regular snoring, informed the coachman that his passenger was enjoying a profound repose. Being about to descend the mountain near the city, a part of which is very steep, he concluded to walk down the mountain, for the mutual benefit of both himself and his horse. Having reached the plain, he drew the shoe from under the wheel of the coach, and instead of hooking it up as usual, he threw it carelessly into the coach, and continued his way on foot to the gates of the city. Then recollecting his poor passenger, he called aloud to her, informing her that his journey was at an end, and that she might depart in peace. Receiving no answer, he called again, and again, but still received no answer; he rather impatiently set one foot upon a wheel, holding fast to it with one hand, while with the other he seized hold of the poor woman, dragging her toward him by the legs, calling aloud, ‘good woman, good woman, come, wake up,’ &c. But the ‘good woman’ still remained silent and motionless. The coachman now began to suspect some misfortune, and springing into the stage, he lifted his helpless passenger in his arms, and shook her violently to awaken her.—But, judge of his horror and surprise, when he found in his arms a lifeless corpse. A physician was immediately called for, as also a civil officer. After examining the body; they declared that the deceased came to her death by a violent blow on the temples; and they further stated that they believed that the blow had been given by the coachman, with the shoe or clog of the stage wheel. This he had carelessly done when he threw the shoe into the stage, not knowing that his passenger had preferred the floor to a seat in the coach.—Thus the kindness of the generous coachman became the cause of an involuntary murder. Already he begins to reproach himself for having been too compassionate. In the meantime, they proceed to examine

more carefully the body of the deceased; when they heard with surprise the clerk exclaim with astonishment:—‘Oh! this poor woman, is a man.’ ‘*Mon Dieu!*’ cries another, ‘she has a poignard;’ ‘behold, some pistols,’ cries a third. Finally a letter was found in the bottom of the pocket of this pretended woman, which invited her to come, by 12 o’clock this same night, to a house near Geneva, with the promise of good help and great booty. This last discovery soon gave a different turn to the affair. In consequence of the design intimated in the letter, as soon as it was dark, some gend’armes secreted themselves near the house designated, and soon after discovered nine ruffians approaching the house.—Before the robbers were aware that they had been detected, they were all taken and secured. They then awoke the proprietor of the mansion, who was an old man, and very rich, and informed him of the plan that had been laid to rob and perhaps murder him. On hearing of the kindness, and also of the imprudence of the coachman, by which he had been so singularly preserved, he manifested his gratitude to him, by settling upon him a handsome pension for the rest of his life. It was soon discovered that a galley slave of Nantua had figured among the brigands.

THE RESCUE.

A FRAGMENT.

—She was yet young; her seventeenth year had scarcely passed by; and though the attentions of some flattered her, as she respected their talents or admired their forms, yet it was long before she really felt that absorbing passion which we call love. She had, however, been visited with strange emotions since the first appearance of Edward; and when she remembered the expression of his eye, and the pleasing tone of his voice, she felt an exhilarating and indiscribable sensation, such as youth loves to experience, and old age to recollect. She would not admit even to her own pure bosom that he was more to her than any handsome young man would be; but some how or other, when he

entered the room in which she was, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue, and the fine flashing spirit that shone in her eye, grew more sparkling and more beautiful still. The very attempts she sometimes made to conceal it, betrayed the secret; and it was easy for any observer to perceive that Edward was very often the subject of her thoughts—that her young affections were already beginning to cling to his manly form, and that her enthusiastic spirit was at last bound in those chains which give to slavery a greater pleasure than even freedom can boast.

It was a stormy winter night: the wind was heard whistling around the house—the hail often beat furiously against the windows, and the tempest without was raging with all those tumultuous sounds that give such a pleasing value to the warm shelter of a happy home. Caroline had retired to rest late in the evening, and the “balmy sleep that lights on lids unsullied with a tear,” soon found a resting place on hers. Her fancy freed from every care soon began to soar through the gay regions of imagination, and we must not be surprised to hear that it flew with instinctive affection to hover around the form of Edward. It had not long, however, ranged in novelty of its liberty, when her dreams became troubled. Confused ideas of storm and death passed through her brain—a heavy hand seemed to press upon her breast. She thought she was standing upon a high eminence, amidst rocks and craggy mountains, when the whole great mass tumbled with a tremendous crash into ruins, and in the effort to save herself, she awoke.

For an instant she thought her dream continued. A strange tumult roared around the house. The room was filled with smoke and a light gleam shone under her door. It was not till she distinctly heard the crackling of burning timbers, and the roar of flames, that the dreadful truth burst upon her mind. She sprang from her bed, hastily and tremblingly put on a few clothes—and with a determination to rush out, opened the door. The light and heat that now burst upon her were so great, that she was compelled to retreat to the farther corner of the

room; and the sight that met her view almost distracted her. The beautiful arched ceilings and carved walls of her father's house were reddening and crackling in the furious blaze—the floor was burned through—the whole room seemed entirely surrounded with flames—timbers fell crashing into the rooms below; and sometimes a gust of wind would bear towards her thick volumes of smoke, that rolled like huge waves, wrapping every thing—the very flames—in their dark folds.

The frantic girl found it necessary to close the door to preserve her from being scorched to death. With some difficulty she accomplished this; and her next step was to open the window. Here she paused in mute astonishment at the sublime sight. Thousands of people were standing below, on whose forms the light of the burning house fell so distinctly, that she could perceive the men engaged with the engines—some with trumpets, shouting commands to their companions—others busily employed in carrying out the furniture—and many standing in inactive silence, watching the progress of the flames. She shrieked with all her might; but what is a woman's shriek amidst the mingled tumult of shouting men, crashing timbers and roaring fire. She could hardly hear herself. The room was heated—the door seemed fast burning away. She screamed until her voice was choked in convulsive efforts, and yet she was unheard. The engines played briskly below, and they alone would have drowned her feeble voice. She almost sickened with anxiety. She looked upon the multitude who stood beneath. Immediately around the house they were in a bright light. The fire flung its lurid glare over the collected crowd, until far away the end was indistinct in the shadows of night, and nothing was observable but a dark mass that heaved like billows of the stormy ocean.

Her voice had now become so hoarse, that she could scarcely speak, but one idea glanced through her mind by which she might catch the attention of those beneath. She ran to her bed—with the strength of despair she dragged it to the

window, and pressed it through the unyielding aperture. A cry arose as it darkened the light. Many thought it was a part of the wall tumbling from its height; but it fell harmless, and as it reached the ground, every eye was turned to the spot whence it came—the door of the room burst through at the instant—and Caroline stood lifted high amidst desolation. The blaze shone brightly upon her white garments, and many imagined that she was actually in the midst of the flames—a buzz of horror murmured beneath—a bustle ran through the mighty mass—exclamations of dismay broke from every lip, and every one was anxious to preserve her. Ladders were instantly raised—one seemed ready to rescue her, and she prepared to descend, when with a cry of anguish, she perceived it was too short. The heat of the room became agonizing—the flames were fast proceeding towards her room—every hope was banished from her bosom—her cry grew wild—her senses began to forsake her—the dreadful prospect of burning to death—of being wrapped in the fierce bosom of the blaze! It was too much; any thing but that—she sprang upon the threshold of the window, with the desperate intention of springing from the dizzy height.

Her hands were raised—her white robe streamed in the wind—already was her foot flung back, and her position announced that she was prepared to spring out, when her quick ear caught the creaking of a hasty step on the burning floor—it was a ray of hope piercing into the darkness of despair, and she paused to look: the figure of a man blackened and scorched appeared, almost enveloped in smoke and fire. Springing across a frightful chasm in the floor, he seized a blanket, wrapped her in its folds, and darted again like lightning through the crackling fire. A loud shout from the crowd who saw her disappear in his arms told their interest; the flames were soon curling around the very spot where a moment ago the lovely girl stood—a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene without—except as they saw a figure with something in its arms pass a window one

story lower than the chamber of Caroline—then indeed a tumultuous exclamation arose; but it was anxious, doubtful, and soon hushed down; all again was still. Every eye was turned on the floor—every bosom beat with hope and fear—an instant elapsed—a brick fell—another—and several more—and a large piece of flaming timber came crashing to the ground. Hope almost vanished for those within, for the greater part of the chimney thundered from the top, and the whole building tottered and shook, and seemed gradually sinking into ruin, when he appeared at the door, staggering and blackened, yet holding in his arms the being he had preserved. With one convulsive spring he leaped from the floor—a single moment of silence followed—and the next—the thundering noise of the building that crashed amidst fire and smoke to the ground was almost lost in the long, loud shout that rung on the rent air of the night, and seemed to shake the earth to the very centre.

So mighty was the acclamation, that it awakened the suspended senses of Caroline. She started from the arms of her deliverer, and was darting wildly away, when his features arrested her attention. She fixed her gaze upon him, and stood a moment with delirium in every action. Her silence was broken by his voice, "Caroline." At the sound, the fierce phrenzy of her looks abated, her eyes softened and filled with tears. She gave a faint shriek; the name of "Edward," burst from her quivering lips—and she sank overwhelmed on his bosom!

From the Charleston City Gazette.

A RELICT OF COLUMBUS.

THIS letter bears date only ten years after the great discovery of the admiral. It is wanting, as may be seen, in his proper signature, in place of which is given a long string of titles growing out of that event, and purely in character with the swelling and sounding habit of the nation for which he had done so much, and a citizen of which he had become.

One of the periodicals of Marseilles,

has just published a curious document lately found among the archives of the bank of St. George, in Genoa. It is the entire of a letter from Christopher Columbus, to that establishment, viz:

To the Most Noble Gentlemen, of the magnificent Bank of St. George, in Genoa.

Most noble gentlemen,—However my body may be on the go, or traveling, my heart is always near unto you. Our Saviour has done me the greatest favor which has ever been done to any man, since the time of David. The results of my undertaking are brilliant, and would be much greater were it not that the government dissimulates, for prudential reasons. I am about to make another voyage to the Indies, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, with an intention of returning once more: but since I am mortal, I leave orders with Don Diego, my son, that he remit to you annually, the tenth part of my revenues, in payment of the imposts upon the wheat, wine, and other objects of comestibles. If this tenth is worthy of consideration, you will receive it; if not, you will give me the credit of having a good will. I recommend my son to you very particularly.

Mr. Nicholas Oderigo knows more about my discovery than I do myself. I have sent him a copy of the maps, that they may be preserved with the greatest care. I am very desirous that you should see them. Their Majesties, the King and Queen, are daily heaping their honors upon me. I pray that the Most Holy Trinity may preserve you and prosper your magnificent establishment.

Seville, April 2, 1502.

The Great Admiral of the Ocean—Sea Viceroy and Governor of the Islands and Terra Firma of Asia and of the Indies, my sovereigns the King and Queen, and Captain General of the Marine and his Council.

‘S. S. A. S. X. M. Y.’

* Those initials signify *Supplex Sevus Altissimi, Salvatoris Christi, Marin, Josephi.*

Irregularities have no limits; one excess draws on another; the most easy therefore, as well as the most excellent way of being virtuous is to be so entirely.

REVELATION AND REASON.

At the bed of sickness, and in the hour of dissolution it is, that the superior claims of Revelation are most apparent. Reason is here dumb, or speaks only to aggravate the miseries, and render more horrible the horrors of the death scene. No relief does it give to soften the grim visage of the king of terrors. As nearer he approaches how the night darkens! How the grave deepens! Trembling on its verge, the affrighted soul asks what the nature of death is? and the grave what are its dominions? The treacherous guide answers, both are unknown. That darkness no eye penetrates; that profound no link measures. It is conjectured to be the entrance to eternal and oblivious sleep; the precipice down which existence tumbles. Beyond that gulf which has swallowed up the dead and is swallowing up the living, neither foresight nor calculation reaches. What follows is unknowable; ask not concerning it; thus far philosophy has guided you; without a guide and blindfold, you must take your last decisive leap. But how the scene brightens when Revelation is appealed to! As the ark of the testimony is opened, a voice is heard to say, *I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.* It is the voice of the angel of the covenant. His bow of promise is seen arching the sky, and reaching down even to the sepulchre, whose dark caverns by its radiance are illuminated. Behind those mists of Hades, so impenetrable to the eye of reason, eternal mansions rise in prospect; and already the agony of death is passed.

THE FORBIDDEN KISS.

CHARLES the Twelfth of Sweden is mentioned by his historians, as adverse to the fair sex at the period he was acquiring so much glory by his victories, and when it is usual for heroes to be devoted to admiration of the ladies.—That this monarch was not constitutionally monkish, or naturally indifferent to women, will appear from the following anecdote:—

The kings of Sweden were at one period of easy access to their subjects, and frequently joined in their convivial society. Charles XII. on his accession, enjoyed the jocund prerogative with all the vivacity of his very early youth; and one evening but a little before he was to leave Stockholm, to open his military renown, he went up to sup with a Dalecarlian gentleman, residing in the capital. Charles was then only in his fifteenth year, and loved to talk with this brave descendant of the preserver of his great ancestor, Gustavus Vasa, with all the fervor of his own patriotism. But the young king's romance did not end there: he had seen a beautiful serving maid, from those very mountains, the wildest regions of his kingdom; he had seen her once or twice attend in the rooms while a guest under the simple roof of his subject: he had seen, and admired her in silence. It happened this evening that she chanced to open the door to him; she was alone; he could not resist the temptation, for she blushed at the sight of him, and trembled. The king thought there was more than awe of majesty in this, and gently taking her hand, his accompanying action showed that he wished to press those blooming lips with his own.—He expected she would be nothing loath.—But he was mistaken; she drew back. He thought she was only coy; and, more impassioned, attempted to seize the kiss by a kind of gallant violence. She struggled; then bursting from him, with words of severe rebuke, in the agitation of his repulsion, struck him in the face. At the moment she disappeared, the gentleman of the house, having heard the scuffle, came out of his room to see what was the matter. On seeing him and his disorder, the worthy Dalecarlian, after a few hasty words of respect, inquired if any thing had happened to disturb his majesty.

Charles smiled and colored.—‘I confess that I am disturbed,’ replied he, ‘and deservedly so; for I am ashamed to say I tried to force a kiss from your pretty damsel, and she made my cheek smart for it. This little adventure has, however, given me my freedom from all

of her sex, for life.—I am a king and a soldier; my soul's first object is the glory attendant on those names, and I know that the greatest of men have, at times, wrecked both, by undue admiration of women; they ruined Antony; they almost ruined Cæsar, and they made a fool of Alexander; but, by heavens, they shall neither ruin nor make a fool of me. I know the susceptibility of my own nature; and I know the power, the arts, and the tyranny of the sex! Therefore, from this moment, I swear, by the sceptre of Sweden, and this good sword, never to look on woman again with an eye to desire her smile or fear her frown.'

For the Rose of the Valley.

REFLECTIONS ON GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, D. C.

How grand and beautiful is the scenery about me! Here I behold what might call forth the inspiration of the *Nine*, and wrap the minstrel in poetic flame; what might gratify the curious, edify the philosopher, and awake the devotion of the pious.

Around me arise the young tendrils of rosy-footed May, prodigally flinging their vernal fragrance to the zephyr of morning, as it goes sighing by with its burden of perfume. Here the green carpeting of nature, embellished with infant flowrets, beautifies the bosom of the earth. The *negligent order*, the *beauteous confusion* of the mimic forest, where neighbouring boughs are interwoven, and kindred foliage socially intermingled, might well recall the beauty and innocence, the misery and ruin associated with the name of primeval Eden. The lovely honeysuckle has just sipped its morning draught of dewy nectar, and smiles in deeper blushes, as the gay intrusive humming-bird revels among its charms, and banquets on its sweetness. The twining ivy, throwing its feeble branches in chaste negligence around the columns of the portico, forms a bower of beauty and shade. The plastic hand of spring has already moulded the young apricot, swelled the embryo apple from the blossom, and

given the pear its *bottle-form*. The un-ripened strawberry hides her young charms beneath the leaf of the maternal vine, until a warmer sun shall ripen her into all the luxuriance of rich maturity. The half-blown rose-bud, like the cottage beauty seen for the first time in the assembly of gaiety and splendor, blushes to display the charms she coyly seeks to hide.

Now a thin wove cloud intervenes between the sun and earth, casts over me an obscurity light as the shadow of a shade, and flits athwart the scene 'soft as an airy-footed ghost wrapped in a moon-beam.'

The sober mulberry, the ancient sycamore, and the willow of song, weeping in eternal widowhood, stand gravely grouped around me. The tremulous vibration of the quivering aspen, reminds me how fluctuating is all earthly good, and how by every breath of adversity our brightest hopes—our cherished dreams of bliss, are shaken and riven and blighted.

The sylvan assembly of song, have placed the chaplet of flowers around the brow of the gay vernal goddess, and are warbling upon the winds their coronation melodies.

In the back-ground of this scene, ranged on the rising heights, are seen the abodes of quietness and peace, and the mansions of splendor and opulence.

Beneath me lay the dwellings of industry and the scenes of busy enterprise. From thence come upon my ear, like "confusion worse confounded," the dissonant voice of the hurrying multitude. The rumbling of coaches, the lumbering roll of wagons, the stroke of the hammer, the noise of machinery, the trampling of horses, the song of the sweep, the boisterous mirth and noisy riot of light-hearted childhood, with a thousand nameless notes, come sweeping over in one grand chaos of sound.

Then here I behold the temple of science, there the sanctuary of religion, yonder the monumental marble marking the empire of death; and further on the giddy, witching, seductive theatre. Here moves in grave solemnity the slow funeral procession; and there, in glittering

array, with nodding plumes, proudly marches the military pageant, surrounded by a throng of admiring boyhood.

Extending my range of vision, I behold in one direction the green hills rising in gladness and beauty; and in the farther distance the blue mountains, stretching along beneath the horizon, upon whose misty summits rests the azure vault of heaven: in another, I see the metropolis of a mighty nation, whose capital surmounting a proud eminence, lifts its lofty dome, in stately grandeur towards the sky:—in another, the noble Potomac, rolling its mighty volume onward towards the deep dark sea, stretching down in illimitable perspective.

In short, a world in miniature lies before me. The grand and the beautiful in nature; the noble and the useful in art, here combine and blend in the scene. And among the actors a like diversity appears. The contention for wealth, the thirst for pleasure, the aspirations of piety, the strife for power, the struggles of poverty, the idolatry of fashion, the worship of ambition, the sighs, and tears and anguish of the death-bed scene, all report the various pursuits, and hopes and aims of the busy multitude, and the common end of all.

What a change is destined to come over this interesting scene! The frosts of autumn and the winter winds will soon strip the forest of foliage, the earth of verdure, the garden of bloom. And the leafless bough, and the withered grass, and the faded scentless flower, all tell of the fate which awaits the human actors in life's varied drama. The tomb, the dark damp vault, the coffin and the grave, will soon hold all the pride, and beauty, and ambition, and avarice, which now give life, and motive, and motion to the animated throng. But the promise of returning spring, of new born flowers, and of renovated nature, points the virtuous and good, to the pleasing hope of a future resurrection and a glorious immortality,—a hope, which, in the gloom of our earthly lot, rises like a star on eternity's ocean, to cheer us on to our high destination.

ANDRONICUS.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN illustration of the ardent professional ambition of the late Dr. Godman, the following anecdote is related in Littell's Port Folio. Some years ago, in conversation with us, he said that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope, which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, 'look aloft! you lubber!' By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident, the Dr. said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread.—At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his eyes 'aloft' to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes.

The following lines are beautifully adapted to the above incident:

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart;

LOOK ALOFT, and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,

LOOK ALOFT, to the friendship that never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly;
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
LOOK ALOFT, to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,

LOOK ALOFT, from the darkness and dusk of the tomb,

To that clime where "affection is ever to bloom."

And oh! when death comes in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past:
In that moment of darkness with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, LOOK ALOFT and depart.

THE RETURN.

Air—"Tis the last rose of summer."

From the wide world of waters
In rapture I come
To the land of my fathers,
My dear native home!
O'er the billows I've wandered,
And fain would I say,
How fondly I've pondered
On home when away.

The anguish that's burning,
Oh! what can remove;
Like the thoughts of returning
To those whom we love!
When the sea-mew was screaming
Her dirge on the main,
In my hammock oft dreaming
Of home have I lain.

At my own native cottage
The wild woods along,
In fancy I've listened
To hear the bird's song;
But all the fond visions
That flit through my brain,
Were precursors of sorrow,
Forerunners of pain.

For there stands my cottage,
With brambles grown wild:
I seek for my partner,
I ask for my child;
And ye point to their graves!
Oh! where shall I flee?
Even Charon's dark waves
Were welcome to me!

 NAPOLEON'S PRISON.

THE Island of St. Helena lies in the Atlantic ocean detached from any group, 600 miles from Ascension island, the nearest land, and situated in longitude 5 degrees 49 m. west from Greenwich, and lat. 15 deg. 5 min. south. The island is 10½ miles long by 6½ broad. It presents to the sea throughout its whole circuit, nothing but an immense wall of perpendicular rock from 600 to 1200 feet high, like a castle in the midst of the ocean. Its aspect is still more bleak and dreary than that of Ascension; the whole exterior being forbidding, and were it not so well known, nobody would suppose it contained inhabitants; for rough and barren rocks, perpendicular precipices, shores literally iron bound, added to rocky and grassless hills, seems as if, by its formation, man had been intentionally excluded.

St. Helena was discovered by Don

Juan de Caleca or de Nova, a Portuguese navigator, on St. Helen's day, 1502. The English first took possession in 1600; and it has ever since remained under their authority. James' Town, the only one in the island, and called after James II., does not become visible till you arrive near the anchorage which lies directly opposite. It is situated in a valley, a deep narrow ravine, planked by steep stony ridges, towering above it to a considerable height. That to the left when viewed from the sea, is termed Rupert's hill; so called from the famous prince of that name having a carriage road cut along its brow. The first view of the town is not unpleasing, it is formed by one principal street of some length extending directly up the valley. The houses are small and white-washed, they consist principally of shops and lodging houses; it also contains a church, a residence for the governor, a theatre built in 1807, a tavern, barracks, and (what would be better in any other situation) a burying ground. Several batteries and posts surrounds it on all sides. St. Helena attracts attention as having been the prison of Napoleon Bonaparte from the year 1815, till his death, May 5th, 1821.

On that lone, barren isle, where the wide roaring billows

Assail the stern rocks, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows
Like fond weeping mourners bend over his grave.

The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not—he hears not—he's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty, where are now the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas, they have perished, in far chilly regions,
And all, save the fame of their triumphs is gone,

The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not—they hear not—they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal! the tomb cannot bind thee!
For like thine own eagles that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind
thee

A name which before thee no mortal had won!

The' nations may combat when War's thunders
rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the
plain,
Thou sleepest at thy last sleep—thou hast fought thy
last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again!

For the Rose of the Valley.

HOPE.

THERE is not a word in our language, which has more numerous or more pleasing associations connected with it, than the little one which I have placed at the head of this article. With its sound even, as it falls upon the ear, we are accustomed to link all the grateful emotions and joyful sensations, which its indulgence never fails to impart, and on account of which it is considered one of the dearest privileges that man can possess.

Wherever we turn our eyes amongst mankind we see the influence of Hope. It begins with the first dawning of reason, and ends only with life itself. Before the eye of youth, Hope spreads the future clothed in all the glowing colors of imagination; it promises him happiness, honor and fame; and tells him that his most ardent expectations shall be more than realized. Would he climb the hill of science, and stand first among her votaries? Hope whispers in his ear that nothing can be more easy. Does he long for wealth? Hope says it shall be his. Would he be a second Alexander, and have his name chronicled on the pages of history? Hope tells him that this, and more than this shall be attained. It is Hope that imparts to youth half its happiness and vivacity, and to age a blessed assurance; take it away, and you leave a blank which it would be impossible to fill.

If we survey the busy world around us we shall see no one who is not actuated in one way or another by this all pervading principle. Each has some favorite object in view which it leads him to believe he can accomplish. Each

is engaged in some occupation which he thinks most likely to aid him in realizing his wishes. Look at the man of business, see how entirely absorbed he seems to be in the pursuit of gain; with what anxious look he hurries to and fro; and with what eagerness he embraces each opportunity of increasing his treasure. Watch the changing outlines of his troubled brow, and if you can read the thoughts thereon inscribed, you will find that the subject which is ever uppermost in his mind is the hope of gain. The student, whose whole soul is in his studies, is found bending over his books from morning till night, and from night till morning; he consumes the midnight lamp in search of knowledge, and thus in his ardent thirst, changes night into day.

It is the *hope* of one day standing first in the ranks of literature that enables him to plod along from day to day, storing his mind with the choicest gems that science can afford, even while he is admonished that disease is making encroachments upon his system.

Again; look at the man whose god is ambition. He may be a statesman, a warrior or an author, it matters not; see with what perseverance he surmounts every obstacle that lies in his way to eminence, and how constantly he struggles on, it may be against persecution, prejudice or bigotry, carefully removing every impediment, until finally he attains the summit of his hopes, and sees no one above him whose honors he can snatch. He looks proudly on, and views all his competitors toiling far below him, surveying with wistful eye the eminence on which *his* feet are securely placed. What is it, we may ask, that guides him forward? It is the *hope* of fame.

In our adversities and troubles, when all whom we thought were our friends have forsaken us, Hope displays its real value; it cheers us onward, gives us promises of better days, and whispers in our ear that all may yet be well.

The prisoner in his cell, who is perhaps to die on the morrow, still has hope; and it is not until the fatal rope has put an end to his existence, that it

forsakes him. That aged sire whose locks are whitened by the snows of four-score winters, still thinks he may live a few years longer; and death's arrow may pierce his bosom while Hope is still glowing there. One would think that old age, after having witnessed so many wishes unrealized and expectations blasted, would no more listen to her syren song, but

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"

E. N.

PYRAMIDS.

SEEING a week or two ago a little paragraph in the paper, respecting the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, I thought that some entertaining calculations might be made on it. Probably similar or more extensive calculations have been made on it, but I have not seen them; and it may likewise be new to some others of your readers.

We can only form an idea of the *magnitude* of this structure from *comparison*; and from comparison with objects whose size is previously known to us. Thus, if we say here are six millions of tons, or about seventy millions of square feet of stone, piled up together, we have an *indefinite* idea of magnitude, but no standard of comparative size; but if we say, that this quantity of stone, if used in building the walls of comfortable two-story dwelling-houses, would suffice to build twenty four thousand such, accommodating a population equal to that of New-York city, or nearly 200,000, we at once have a *definite* idea of great magnitude. I aim not at nice accuracy in these results, but I believe they will not be found to vary much from the truth.

If we suppose a ship engaged in transporting it from Africa to America, and to bring three cargoes in a year, of 333 1-2 tons each, it would take 6000 years for her to bring the whole.

Supposing a man able to move the whole of it, piecemeal, to the distance of a mile, at the rate of 1000 lbs. per day; the job would last him no less than 25,479 years and 165 days.

The earth at the equator is about

131,650,400 feet in circumference, and the quantity of stone contained in the pyramid, if in the right shape, would make a belt, or chain, round it, a foot high, and about 7 inches broad.

A wall might be built of it, eight feet high and a foot thick, that would surround a square field, one side of which would measure 473 miles and 2560 feet, with an area of about 224,200 square miles.—Now were this field occupied by human beings, allowing each one four square feet, it would accommodate no less than 1,562,584,320,000 persons, or one billion, five hundred and sixty-two thousand, five hundred and eighty-four millions, three hundred and twenty thousand, or about 2000 times the present number of inhabitants on the globe, and more than ten times the number that have existed from the creation of the world, (according to the Mosaic account) till this present time.—*N. E. Review.*

[The following lines were written by a young gentleman of this state, a few days previous to his death at Bermuda, whither he had gone with the hope that a sea-voyage and change of air might restore his system, wasting by consumption. They are breathed in a tone of sorrow, natural to a mind highly sensitive, when it muses on the early joys of youth, and sees just before it the termination of all its hopes.—*N. C. Her.*]

TO MISS —

THOUGH the life-blush of health has abandon'd my cheek,

And hope with her syren song fled from my view,

Yet disease only conquers this poor faded form!

The heart's green affection it cannot subdue.

O'er the couch, as I slumber'd, thy dear image stood,

Recalling the scenes when our loves were yet new,

And it smil'd as I murmur'd thy name in my dream,

To hear how a dying heart still could be true.

Oh, why did my infant heart kindle to thine,

And fondly confide in a vision of bliss;

Or why wast thou fated to cling to a frame,

So hopeless, so fragile, so transient as this.

But farewell thou lov'd one, who gave life its charm,

And cherish'd a flower now fading so fast,

This bosom, tho' sinking, glows warmer to thee,

As the lamp blazes brightest when gleaming its last.

BIOGRAPHY.—COL. M'LANE.

THIS venerable and distinguished soldier of the revolution, after having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-three, closed his earthly pilgrimage at Wilmington, Delaware.

Colonel M' Lane was distinguished for daring personal courage and for his unremitting activity as a partisan officer.

He was long attached to Lee's famous legion of horse, which, throughout the war, was the terror of the British. An instance of his personal powers, related to us by himself, we may be permitted to give.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, Col. M' Lane was constantly scouring the adjacent country, particularly the upper part of Philadelphia, Bucks, and Montgomery counties—seizing every opportunity to cut off the scouting parties of the enemy, to intercept their supplies of provisions, and to take advantage of every opening which offered for striking a sudden blow. In this capacity he rendered many important services to the army, and caused great alarm to the British; and though they frequently attempted to surprise and take him, yet such was his constant watchfulness, that none of their attempts succeeded. Having concerted with Capt. Craig (now living we believe, near Belvidere, N. J.) the plan of an attack upon a small detachment of the enemy, they agreed to rendezvous at a house near Shoemake town, eight miles from Philadelphia, on the Willow Grove turnpike. Col. M' Lane, having ordered his little band of troopers to follow at some distance, commanded two of them to precede the main body, but also to keep in his rear; and if they discovered an enemy to ride up to his side and inform him of it without speaking aloud.—While leisurely approaching the place of rendezvous, in this order, in the early gray of the morning, the two men directly in his rear, forgetting their orders, suddenly called out, 'Colonel, the British!' faced about, and putting spurs to their horses, were soon out of sight. The Colonel, looking around, discovered that he was in the centre of a powerful ambushade, into which the enemy

had silently allowed him to pass without his observing them. They lined both sides of the road, and had been stationed there to pick up any straggling party of the Americans that might chance to pass. Immediately on finding they were discovered, a file of soldiers rose from the side of the highway, and fired at the Colonel, but without effect—and as he put spurs to his horse, and mounted the road side into the woods, the other part of the detachment also fired.—The Colonel miraculously escaped: but a shot striking his horse on the flank, he dashed through the woods, and in a few minutes reached a parallel road upon the opposite side of the forest. Being familiar with the country, he feared to turn to the left, as that course led to the city, and he might be intercepted by another ambushade.—Turning, therefore, to the right, his frightened horse carried him swiftly beyond the reach of those who fired upon him. All at once, however, on emerging from a piece of woods he observed several British troopers stationed near the road, and directly in sight ahead a farm house, around which he observed a whole troop of the enemy's cavalry drawn up. He dashed by the troopers near him, without being molested, they believing he was on his way to the main body to surrender himself. The farm house was situated at the intersection of two roads, presenting but two avenues by which he could escape. Nothing daunted by the formidable array before him, he galloped up to the cross roads; on reaching which he spurred his active horse, turned suddenly to the right, and was soon fairly out of the reach of their pistols, though as he turned, he heard them call loudly, surrender or die. A dozen were instantly in pursuit; but, in a short time they all gave up the chase, except two.—Colonel M' Lane's horse, scared by the first wound he had ever received, and being a chosen animal, kept ahead for several miles, while his two pursuers followed with unwearied eagerness.

The pursuit at length waxed so hot that, as the Colonel's horse stepped out of a brook which crossed the road, his pursuers entered at the opposite margin.

In ascending a little hill the horses of the three were greatly exhausted, so much that neither could be urged faster than a walk.—Occasionally, as one of the troopers pursued a little in advance of his companion, the Colonel slackened his pace, anxious to be attacked by one of the two—but no sooner was his willingness discovered, than the other fell back to his station. They at length approached so near that a conversation took place between them; the troopers calling out—‘Surrender, you c—sed rebel, or we’ll cut you to pieces.’ Suddenly one of them rode up on the right side of the Colonel, and without drawing his sword, laid hold of his collar. The latter, to use his own words, ‘had pistols which he knew he could depend upon.’ Drawing one from the holster, he placed it to the heart of his antagonist, fired and tumbled him dead on the ground. Instantly the other came up on his left, with sword drawn, and also seized him by the collar of his coat. A fierce and deadly struggle here ensued; in the course of which Col. M’Lane was desperately wounded in the back of the left hand, cutting asunder the veins and tendons of that member. Seizing a favorable opportunity, he drew his other pistol, and with a steadiness of purpose which appeared even in the recital of the incident, placed it directly between the eyes of his adversary, pulled the trigger, and scattered the brains on every side of the road. Fearing that others were in pursuit, he abandoned his horse in the highway; and apprehensive, from his extreme weakness, that he might die from loss of blood, he crawled into an adjacent mill pond, entirely naked, and at length succeeded in stopping the profuse flow of blood, occasioned by his wound. We have seen a painting of this desperate encounter, very accurately representing the contest. It used to be common in our auction rooms, but of late years has become scarce. It should be revived, painted on a large scale, and be hung up in the house of every man who venerates the memory of the departed patriots of this country.

Moral education is the price of virtuous liberty.

A NEW WAY OF USING ALCOHOL.

COLONEL B. has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About two hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it first came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggists for a gallon of alcohol (spirits,) in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over the field. The *black-legs* came and partook with their usual relish; and, as usual, they were pretty well *corned*; and such a cooing and cackling—such a strutting and staggering! The scene was like—but I will make no invidious comparisons, yet it was *very much like*——. When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their zigzag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices, in haw, haw, haw, hawing and shouting either the praise or curses of alcohol; it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason, so very much like——But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadily against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbors. They have too much respect for their character, black as they are, to be again found *drunk*.—*Mirror*.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry—the wreck of health be repaired by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness;—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and meek virtue. But whoever

again looked upon vanished hours—recalled his slighted years and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from Heaven's record, the fearful blot of a wasted life?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE DESERTERS.

Found among the letters of Mr. Mason, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland.

THERE were in the regiment—two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire, and each had made friendship for the other. They had enlisted together through different motives—they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One, whom I shall call the lover, had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centred, the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. Her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described it, willing to see wars, accompany his friend and serve his country, likewise accepted the King's picture; and was called the volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow—she was much grieved at this step, which he had taken without her privacy or consent—but being in an easy situation and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings, the maid eyed her lover from a distant window (a nearer approach not being permitted) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight, and then sent her soul after him in a deep fetched sigh. They had not been long in camp, before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which he had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half starved food for powder. As for the lover, he was insensible to the hardship of the body—the agitation of his mind absorbed his whole attention—in vain he had endeavored to fly from the object of his love: he

had brought away his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him; and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court martial was held and they were condemned *to die*; but the general ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them should suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter. The horrors which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, and were now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his own safety must be built on the destruction of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked attentively at the little instruments of life or death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer was obliged to interpose, and commanded the volunteer to throw; he lifted his box in his right hand, then shifted into the left; and gave it to his right again, and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition cast his eye upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid; their hair dishevelled, and their garments by traveling soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! The mother and the son on one side of the drum, and the maid and the lover on the other. The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must

follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid, and both with equal constancy and fervor poured forth their different prayers. He threw—nine! A gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves, when presently he gains a raft, and is paddling to shore; and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him for ever from her eyes.—Mean while the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from her lover by force. He advanced towards the drum with much the same air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw—ten! The maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he caught her in his arms; they fainted on each other's neck, and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four, and all his attention was employed about his mother, whose head was on his lap, but she was insensible to his care.—Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had ran to the Duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction.—He could hold no longer, he came into the circle, and raised the widow, echoing in her ear—"He is pardoned!" restored her to life and happiness together—then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain to be united by that tie which death only could dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from this action than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears: but they were not those of Alexander when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

The road to wealth is through the
halls of industry.

For the Rose of the Valley.

AN ELEGY

On the death of an infant son, addressed to his disconsolate mother. He was born and died in May.

[BY HER FATHER.]

Your babe, your lovely babe was given
To cheer your pensive breast,
Your babe is gone, and gone to heaven
Eternally to rest.

Your babe was loan'd you for a day,
And for a day he staid—
Then on his pinions fled away,
And why? His Saviour bade!

Obedient to the heavenly call
Your infant sped his flight,
Nor lingered till the hoary fall,
Nor felt the winter's blight.

But like the flower that blooms in May,
And blooms but to be seen,
Was nipt and faded in a day,
Yet lives an ever-green.

In Eden's more salubrious soil,
Transplanted in the sky,
Your infant shall forever smile
And never more shall die.

This world's a stage of strife and woe,
Of toil and tears and death;
No marvel he should choose to go
And bloom in endless life.

His soul was form'd for sweeter joys
And richer climes of bliss,
Nor could he feast on earthly toys,
Or thrive in shades like this.

No, like the bird that's on the wing
And perches for a day,
Before he tun'd his notes to sing
He moan'd and soar'd away.

In vain a mother's fond embrace
Refus'd to let him go;
In vain the tear bedew'd her face,
Or bosom heav'd with woe.

The soul that's on the wing for heaven,
Impatient of delay,
If worlds on worlds could all be given
They'd never court his stay.

Then like a David be resign'd,
Though hard your fate may seem,
He'll ne'er return, you're left behind,
But you can go to him.

Arise, and cheer thy drooping heart,
And urge thy heavenly way,
You'll meet again no more to part
In realms of endless day.

Where briny tears shall cease to flow,
Where friends shall all unite,
To walk the golden streets—and know
Each other—cloth'd in white.

Louisville, Ky. 1839.

From the Vermont Patriot.

CAPTAIN S— AND MISS W—.

ALTHOUGH the following little tale may apparently carry with it much of the air of fiction, yet it is all substantially correct, and but the bare recital of events that have actually transpired.

Near the close of the last century capt. S. a native of New England, who, at an early age, was entrusted with the command of a mercantile vessel, made a voyage to one of the West India Islands.— Having reached his destined port, disposed of his cargo, and made the necessary preparations for his return, one day as he was walking the streets of the large and flourishing port at which his vessel was anchored, he observed a well dressed female walking near him, and in the same direction. Struck with her beauty and her prepossessing and dignified demeanor, capt. S. politely inquired whether she might be walking far in his direction, acquainting her at the same time with the house of his lodgings, to which he was then repairing. She assured him she was going directly to the same house he had mentioned. Capt. S. then proffered his services in conveying a basket of considerable size which she carried in her hand. She thanked him in a soft and tremulous tone of voice, and timidly delivered him the basket. Capt. S. took the little burden from her hand wholly unconscious of what it contained, and little dreaming what to his future life would be the consequences of the action of that moment. He observed, however, as he took the basket, that there was a singular hesitation in her manner, and that her cheeks were crimsoned by a deep blush; but imputing it to no other cause than maiden timidity, he walked on in silence. The lady soon remarked that she must make a call at the house then at hand for a few moments, and, if he would convey the basket to his lodgings, she would soon be there to take charge of it herself. And throwing an anxious look on capt. S. and his charge, she immediately disappeared. Capt. S. proceeded to his boarding house and deposited the basket in the hall. He seated himself at the dinner-table, and jovially related his adventure with the fair un-

known. His host, better acquainted with the manners which sometimes had been played off on strangers, smiled, and rallied him on the possibility of his basket containing something more than a *dead weight*, as he had humorously termed his burden. At this moment the cries of an infant were heard in the direction of the basket. Capt. S. was astonished and not a little chagrined at this sudden proof of what his host had just suggested. Unmoved, however, by the laugh which was now turned merrily upon him, he proceeded to the basket and found it contained, not a dead weight, but a living, healthy, and handsome looking female infant. No mother appeared to claim or offer it protection. Capt. S. although incensed at the trick, and highly versed with that credulous and honest simplicity in himself which had thus rendered him the dupe of female artifice, was, notwithstanding, indued with too much philanthropy, and too much humanity of feeling, to suffer his charge to be neglected. He procured a nurse for the present; and before he left the island, made ample provision for the future support of the child. He now returned home and did not visit the place till some years after, when he found his helpless ward had become an interesting little prattler. He soon became much attached to her, and no longer regretted the incident which gave him, as he termed her, his adopted daughter. During the following twelve years, capt. S. frequently visited the island, and always provided liberally for the support and education of the child that was thrown upon his benevolence, without any of that regret, that drawback of feeling, which so often attends the ostensive generosity of the penurious, and destroys the merit of their charities. His heart was warmed by generous impulses, and required not the aid of arithmetical calculation to measure the bounds of its munificence. He always manifested towards her the affection and tenderness of a parent, and took a parent's interest in her welfare. She had now arrived at the age of fourteen—an age, which, in that soft climate, confers all the maturity of womanhood, and more per

fectly, perhaps, than any other period, opens the blossom of female beauty.—She was esteemed as possessing an uncommon share of beauty and vivacity. And such was capt. S's attachment, that it was generally supposed that his was other than a parental affection, and it soon became rumored in town that he was about to lead her to the hymeneal altar. Capt. S. was at this time making preparations to return to New England. One day, as he stood on the wharf at which his vessel was moored, a billet was put into his hands by a person who immediately disappeared. He perused, and found it a polite request of his attendance to dine at a house in the city, which was particularized in the billet. The house and family who occupied it were to him perfectly unknown; and so singular were all the circumstances attending the invitation, that he for some time hesitated whether it would be expedient to accept it. Curiosity, however, soon conquered his doubts, and he resolved to attend. At the appointed hour he arrived at the house, and was ushered into an elegant apartment by a lady, who called him by name, and introduced herself by the name of Miss W. assuring him, at the same time, that the cause of his invitation should be the subject of a future explanation. Capt. S. thought he had seen the countenance of his fair entertainer before, but he was unable to recall to mind when, or where, it might have happened; and the hour which succeeded, spent in lively conversation on the leading topics of the day, brought nothing with it to assist his memory, or allay his curiosity, and yet it brought along with it an increasing gratification, a pleasing interest, which he had never before experienced. A happy dream of uncertainty, if the expression be allowed, was floating over his mind, and sensations were awakened in his bosom which he was conscious he had before, on some occasion or other, felt, and he knew that these sensations had been happy ones, and yet his memory was unable to identify them.

Dinner was now announced, and he was soon seated at a table loaded with the delicacies that the climate afforded,

served up with the utmost taste and elegance. The hour of dinner was passed with the same pleasure on the part of capt. S. and with the same ease and sprightliness on the part of his fascinating hostess. The company soon withdrew, and left capt. S. and the lady alone. And now capt. S. said she, addressing him with confidence which was inspired, perhaps by the consciousness of the favorable impression which she had made—and now for our promised explanation, which permit me to commence by inquiring how fares your adopted daughter? Well, madam, very well, I believe, replied capt. S. somewhat surprised at the question. And it is rumored, sir, replied the lady, that you are about to change the title of father for one of a different nature. Rumor often speaks vaguely, replied capt. S. still uncertain whither her remarks tended. Nobody could be better entitled to that privilege, sir, continued she: but what grade, alas! what grade, in the scale of your censures, have you assigned to her seemingly unnatural mother?

Of that, madam, replied capt. S. I am but illy qualified to judge. Perhaps that mother might have had reason to justify her conduct—and without knowing the circumstances under which she acted, I could never feel to condemn her, who, in the short moment I beheld her, awakened so extraordinary an interest in my bosom. Yes, sir, rejoined the lady in melancholy and touching tones, that mother had reasons for her conduct—conduct, which she knew the world would, and had a right to condemn as base and unnatural—but think you she parted from the infant of her bosom without a pang! without one tear of motherly affection? Oh! could you have known the anguish of that moment—that distraction of feeling which rent her bleeding bosom, when she relinquished the only object of her affection—the only object on earth for which she breathed a wish to live, or even endured her then hated existence, every feeling of censure would have been lost in commiseration for her sufferings. One year before, and all that the heart could wish was hers—all the advantages that rank and opu

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lence could confer—all that is splendid and dazzling in the eyes of the world, and gives distinction in social life, was courting her acceptance—but her heart was not there—she had formed an attachment for a young officer, poor indeed, but honorable, and whom she knew would never be recognized as her suitor by her proud parents, who viewed wealth as the only ground of distinction in society. She was induced, therefore, to contract a clandestine marriage. The intercourse which followed was soon discovered—her husband was snatched from life by unexpected casualty—her incensed parents would listen to no extenuation—at the best, her transgression was considered unpardonable, and she was driven from home in their resentment with a limited pecuniary allowance, and told to seek protection where she could find it—she was now thrown on the world a wretched wanderer, without a friend or protector—she, who never dreamed that the world was ever made for aught but her happiness—she came to this city for a shelter, and here remained in obscurity till that period which made her a mother had exhausted her small resources—she was then compelled to go forth helpless and pennyless, with, as she thought, no other alternative before her but suicide or beggary—at this crisis, she met with you—your character was known—the thought occurred to her to tax your benevolence with the charge of her offspring. Her opinion of you was not ill founded—she had the pleasure to behold her infant child fall into the hands of a generous benefactor, and she has had the pleasure too to behold his goodness and protection continued to that daughter, who was, as you perhaps may justly deem, so meanly thrown on your generosity. Such, replied capt. S. were never my feelings—I thought not so—and I am amply repaid for my protection by the grateful feelings and interesting society of the lovely girl I protected. And there is another, sir, replied the lady, who is by no means ungrateful to you, and who now stands ready to remunerate you for your benevolence to the amount of whatever you may be pleased to accept. I shall accept of none—as for pecuniary

reward I shall accept of none, said capt. S. Should a remuneration of another kind be acceptable, sir, replied she, perhaps you will allow me authorized to award it—report says you intend marrying the daughter: I will give you even a greater liberty—I will give you the choice of marrying either mother or daughter. Suffice it to say, that long before this, capt. S. had discovered with whom he was conversing, and that he was not a little gratified and interested in the conference. A few days brought him to the conclusion that he should accept one of these offers—the daughter had always looked on him as a father, and now, more than ever, he looked upon her as a daughter—he was not displeased, moreover, as it appears, with the mother; and, on inquiry, he found, in addition to what she had already told him, that, whatever stains had once been thought to sully her character, they had been all removed, and that her parents, though now dead, had forgiven and bequeathed her a competence; on these grounds, together with his prepossessions in her favor, capt. S. in a few days married Miss W. and, with his adopted daughter, set sail for New England, in one of the smiling villages of which he settled, and now lives with his family in the bosom of contentment and social happiness.

TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

FAME spread her wings and with her trumpet blew,
"Great Washington has come! what praise is due!

What title shall he have!" She paused and said,
"Not one! his *name* alone, strikes every title dead."

Aroused by the coachman's tramp, we rushed from our lodgings amidst the gloom of night, and in an instant were dashing away through the miry roads that wind along the intervening hills on our way to Alexandria. We had started for Mount Vernon, the once beautiful seat, but now quiet resting place of the immortal WASHINGTON. From this place, the distance was fifteen miles we had to travel on foot, there being no

stage on our route, and at a season when the roads were most intolerable; yet, so great was our anxiety to view the spot renowned in the annals of history and of fame, that our walk was rendered apparently short, and the fatigue trifling. We reached the Potomac near the close of the day, when the last mellow rays of the setting sun had crested the forest's top and its fading beams were receding from her sleeping waters: a time we thought very well adapted to the occasion of our visit. Slowly and silently we measured our steps along the extended wall that encloses the pleasure grounds, musing on the resplendent blandishments of wordly greatness, the eventful changes of earthly scenes, and the oblivion into which they had successively passed, when we came in front of the mansion. The visible traces of the changing hand of time which were apparent throughout the whole establishment, and the frequent autumnal wail of the short lived insects from the walls, imperceptibly threw us into an unwonted state of sober reflection. We stood on consecrated ground.

Here the quenchless fires of American freedom were fanned in the bosom of her defender. Here the sighs of his oppressed countrymen fell upon his ear!—here, in might he arose, and while yet the dews of the morning glistened upon the vale, buckled on the sword, mounted his charger and flew to the battle field of unequal strife. There, he proudly waved the star spangled banner where 'war's thunders rattled,' achieved our liberties and robbed his country in a mantle of glory that shines over the whole world, and shall diffuse the splendor of its beams down to the latest generations of time. Then, in the majesty of conscious rectitude and manly pride, with not a parallel in the world's wide history, he humbly lays at her ransomed shrine the bright laurels which his valor had

won, and in the possession of a brighter boon than *earth* could give, retires

'From the world, from its cares and its strifes,
And reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.'

We had, as is natural, associated in our minds with the greatness of the man when living, all that was grand or magnificent in his death or about his tomb; we had expected to gaze with fond and pleasing admiration on the polished marble bearing high and in bold relief the immortal name, and a record of the chivalrous deeds of him who lay entombed beneath it; but in this our expectations were disappointed. The tomb of *Washington* has no decorations of worldly art or human vanity attached to it; it is a plain unadorned receptacle, situated at the margin of the hill on which the mansion stands, and is enclosed by a common brick wall about six or seven feet high with an iron gate, which is secured by a strong lock that admonishes the curious visitor to keep himself at a respectful distance. There is in fact nothing that marks this silent shade to attract the gaze of travelers any more than the grave of the humblest individual that ever died. No drooping willow bends its weeping branches over the hallowed mound, or mantles with its dingy shade his slumbering dust; no, the green waving grass that in wild luxuriance covers it, is the only living thing that in pleasing contrast we could contemplate with the mournful decay around us. In front of the tomb stands a solitary tree, aged and scathed, that once sent out from its shadowy green the cheerful notes of the feathered choir, but now is heard only the sighing of the breeze and the dismal roar of autumnal winds moaning through its withered branches. A small portion of the rude forest that yet remains, intervenes between the grave and the Potomac, which hides the prospect of the tomb from the river; yet the traveler in

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passing has his attention directed to the place, by a vacancy beyond the low pines and shrubbery that extends a short distance from the shore.

The BOSTON BARD in the following lines has entered very happily into the feelings that naturally arise in the contemplation of this scenery. *'They were written at the request of a friend, and adapted to the air of Sir John Moore.'*

Why moans the white surge on Pötomac's proud tide?

Why droop the green willows that grow by its side?

Why chant Nature's minstrels their numbers so slow;

Imparting their songs in the whispers of wo?

Ah, why "sighs the tall grass" o'er Vernon's green breast?

Why fades the rich splendor on Victory's crest?

Why is heard the deep sigh of the summer's bright close?

While the lily's still blooming, and blushing the rose?

My country! thy saviour—thy WASHINGTON brave—

Lies cold in the earth, 'midst the gloom of the grave;

The arrow of death to his bosom hath sped;—

He mingles with dust—with the dust of the dead!

The bright plume of valor, that blazon'd his worth,

Lies prone upon Vernon, and hallows its earth;

But the boon of the blest to his spirit is given—

The tears of a world, and the glory of heaven.*

*Motto on medals struck at the time of his decease:—"He in glory—the world in tears."

How A RICH MAN MAY DRESS.—Nobody blames a rich man for going with his elbows out, because every one knows that he has got money enough to get him a new coat; but it is unpardonable in a poor man to go ragged, because every one knows that it is out of his power to do otherwise.

[Selected for the Rose of the Valley.]

DOING GOOD.

IN a season of great reverses, and real suffering in the mercantile and manufacturing world, there is occasion for the luxury of doing good. The poorest man may lessen his neighbor's load. He who has no gold may give what gold cannot purchase. If religion does not make men who profess it more ready to make others happy, it is a pretence. We are to be judged at the last by the rules. The inquiry is to be especially concerning our conduct towards the sick, the prisoner, the pauper and the foreigner. The neighbor whom we are to love is our next door neighbor; that is, the man who falls in our way. The Samaritan knew this. It was but a small pitance he gave; the poorest among us may go and do likewise. Do not allow a townsman, or a stranger, or even an emigrant, to suffer for lack of endeavors. It will cost you little, but it will do much for him.

'Tis a little thing,
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill
fall
Like choicest music.

Help others and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart. Take heed to the little things—to trifling, unobserved language or action—passing in a moment. A syllable may stab a blessed hope; a syllable may revive the dying. A frown may crush a gentle heart, the smile of forgiveness may relieve from torture. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.—*N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*

SECRETS.—A secret is like silence you cannot talk about it and keep it! It is like money; when once you know

there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

A PORTUGUESE ANECDOTE.

"True honor is not derived from others, but originates only from ourselves."—*Cicero*.

A PORTUGUESE, who, from obscurity, had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to a peerage of the kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility. With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honors derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarcely able to contain themselves from laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder.—But how great was their astonishment and even their shame, when this *truly* illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humor, addressed them thus: "My Lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of the immortal deeds of your ancestors; but from this I can only gather, that the honors you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession in your hands; but, my Lords, my plea, thank heaven! is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I obtained all *my* honors by my own immediate actions, and shall therefore have the superior pleasure of transmitting them, unsullied to my successors, for *them* to boast of."

A good one.—In the present day, when old bachelors have become so serious an evil as to need legislative interference, we think that the following ex-

pedient, adopted by a lady in Connecticut, of rather a *desperate* age, will afford an excellent hint to some of our statesmen, towards an effectual remedy. The circumstances are these:—A young lady became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer in the neighborhood, who treated her partiality with great levity. Finding her suit rather hopeless, and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: All at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death;—at this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to draw her will, and to his utter astonishment she disposed of an enormous estate in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after, however, recovered to enjoy her own health, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her; his addresses became constant, and his attentions marked; in fact, in a short time they were married—but, alas! he had to take the *will* for the *deed*.

An apt illustration.—A person asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden. A young friend of hers requested her to go into a delightful canebrake, and there get him the handsomest reed. She must get it in once going through without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw? "Oh no," she replied, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of a much better, until I had got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could find."

CONDENSED ARGUMENT.—A very celebrated Scotch divine says: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was, and is supreme, we know by the name of God."